

Gallipolis Journal

WM. NASH, Editor.

VOLUME XL.

"Truth and Justice."
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1876.

\$1.50 in Advance

NUMBER 21

BANKING.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
GALLIPOLIS.
EDWARD DELETOBBE, President.
JOSEPH HUNT, Vice-President.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:
Edward Deletobbe, Jno. A. Hamilton,
Reuben Allen, Jos. Hunt,
John Hutsinger, J. S. Blackaller.
Banks open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.
May 7, 1874.

OHIO VALLEY BANK,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Cash Capital, \$100,000.
Individual Liability, \$800,000.

A. HENKING, President.
J. T. HALLIDAY, Vice President.
W. T. MINTURN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
A. HENKING, C. D. BAILEY,
A. W. ALLEN, WM. SHORER.
J. T. HALLIDAY, J. C. GRASS.
Banks open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.
November 7, 1874.

CENTREVILLE National Bank
OF THURMAN, OHIO.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000.

BANK OF CIRCULATION, DISCOUNT AND EXCHANGE. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Good paper purchased. Drafts on New York, Cincinnati and other cities. Banking hours from 10 to 12 and from 1 to 3.

DIRECTORS:
L. M. BEMAN, S. G. KELLER,
J. C. GRASS, E. P. PORTER.
Nov. 26, 1874.

MEDICAL.
RATHBURN & NORTUP
H. A. VING, united in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, will attend calls in city or country day or night.
Office—RATHBURN'S Drug Store.
Dec. 9, 1875.—6m

W. S. NEWTON, M. D.,
H. A. VING, united in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, will devote his whole time to the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY.
Office, adjoining Post-office; residence, on 3d St., two doors above State, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
July 15, 1875.

DENTISTRY!
DR. J. R. SAFFORD.
Office—3d St., OVER J. H. WELLS'S STORE.
C. S.—Preserving the Natural Teeth, a specialty.
March 19, 1874.

ATTORNEYS.
C. W. WHITE, C. M. HOLCOMB.
WHITE & HOLCOMB,
Attorneys at Law,
Special attention given to Collections.
OFFICE—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE.

E. N. HARPER,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Pensions obtained and Government Claims prosecuted.
Office on Second street, one door above Vandan & Son.
March 14, 1872.

BIRD & ECKER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.
WILL attend to all business entrusted to their care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va.
Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc.
Office on Second Street, five doors below Locust.
Nov. 12, 1874.—4t

Cincinnati CARRIAGE WORKS.
Wm. Auferheide & Co.,
PROPRIETORS,
Manufacture for the Trade
Carriages, Spring Wagons, &c.
Nos. 407 and 409 John St., Cincinnati, O.
Feb. 10, 1876.—1y

HARDWARE.
J. M. Kerr & Co.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GENERAL HARDWARE,
Upper corner Public Square
GALLIPOLIS, O.
J. M. KERR, J. W. CHERINGTON.
January 22, 1874.

SADDLES AND SADDLERY.
H. R. BELL,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, BRIDLES,
Harness, Collars,
Trace-Chains, Curry-Combs
Horse-Brushes, &c.
COURT ST., - - GALLIPOLIS, O.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Prices to suit the times.
July 18, 1874.

MILLING.
R. ALESHIRE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Flour, Wheat,
Milk-Feed, &c.
CASH FOR WHEAT,
EUREKA MILLS,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

MARBLE WORKS.
MILES & KERR,
MARBLE CUTTERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS,
Tomb-Stones, &c.
SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio

We do everything in the line of Marble Cutting on short notice, and refer those who desire reference as to our skill and ability, to our work.
Oct. 26, 1871.—4t

1875. FALL AND WINTER OPENING.
Milinery and Fancy GOODS.
MISS HATTIE A. ANDREWS
PUBLIC SQUARE, 3d door from Court street, Gallipolis, Ohio.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Millinery Goods,
Corsets, Kid Gloves,
Dress Trimmings, Cloaks, Furs, Real and Imitation Hair Goods, Chenilles, Embroideries and Laces, Braids, Zephyr Worsters, Floss and Canvas always on hand.

Stamping for Embroidery or Braiding, and Pinking done to order on short notice.
Agent, in Gallipolis, for the sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS OF GARMENTS, and their celebrated SEAMERS AND SCISSORS.
Miss HATTIE A. ANDREWS,
Public Square, 3d door from Court St., Gallipolis, Ohio.

MILINERY.
MRS. J. HOWELL,
DEALER IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.
COURT STREET,
Between 2d and 3d, - - Gallipolis, O.
May 7th, 1874.

MISS ALICE HILL,
Has removed her MILLINERY establishment to
CREUZET BLOCK,
on SECOND STREET, a few doors east of Court, where her friends are invited to call.
October 22, 1874.

INSURANCE
Against Loss or Damage from Fire and Lightning.
A. F. MOORE,
GENERAL FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENT,
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.
Office over Watson's Book Store.
Nov. 25, 1875.—6m

GROCERIES, &c.
CHARLES SEMON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Confectionaries, Provisions, &c.,
COURT ST., BET. SECOND & THIRD,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Respectfully asks the citizens of Gallipolis to call at his establishment and examine his stock of

GROCERIES.
Consisting of all articles to be found in a FAMILY GROCERY STORE.
My stock of CONFECTIONERIES are large and complete; such as
Candies, Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, &c.
By strict attention to business, selling at small profits, I hope to merit a share of public patronage.

OYSTERS
by the can and half can—of the best quality, and warranted to be fresh. COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.
C. SEMON.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.
HENKING, ALLEN & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers
AND DEALERS IN
Produce, Provisions and Liquors,
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.
Jan. 13, 1876.—1y

OYSTERS!
FRESH OYSTERS just received, at
S. GOETZ,
CORNER OF GRAPE AND THIRD STREETS.
The very best quality of FRESH OYSTERS are received by Mr. Goetz every morning. This is the place.
Nov. 5, 1874.—4t

A. B. & A. R. CLARK & CO.,
(Successors to A. B. CLARK & BRO.)
Wholesale Grocers
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 39 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
January 1, 1875.—1y

Rodney Enterprise!
NEW STORE,
But an old Merchant.
J. L. Williams

OFFERS a general stock, such as is adapted to the demands in a country store. He proposes to keep a good assortment and solicits the custom in the section about.
RODNEY.
He will exchange for country produce at market rates.
"Come and see me."
Oct. 7, 1875.

Dyes! Dyes!
Logwood, Madder, Indigo, Cudbear, Blue Vitriol, Alum, &c.
For sale at SANN'S DRUG STORE.
May 7, 1874.

Wanted!
WHEAT, CORN AND OATS;
FOR which we will pay the highest market prices—delivered at our Mill or Warehouse.
Best Family Flour
For Sale at our Mill.
W. H. H. WELLS.

DRY GOODS, &c.
CHAS. MACK
HAS returned from the East with a large and complete Stock of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, which will be sold lower than ever. I wish everybody to come and examine my goods, and see that what I say I mean.
And further remember that I will not be undersold by any house in the city.
May 6, 1875.

For the Gallipolis Journal.
A PRAYER.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.
My way looks dark; Oh! Father guide
My trembling feet;
Hold back the winds, and keep each wave
I'm called to meet.
Thou knowest all! The past for me,
Thy wisdom planned,
As best. Help me to trust to come,
In Thy right hand.

This world is fair, and much there is
To still enjoy;
Yet better far the one where no
Fond hopes destroy.
I would not barter that for all
That gleams before;
My feet, altho' the thorn-points press,
Must upward go.

Above the ills of flesh, the weight
Of binding care,
I'd build, from jewels gleaned along,
A temple fair.

An offering meet, that when shall come
The Angel guest,
I'll take his hand and enter in
My last long rest.
DESMOIR, March 3th, 1876.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.
Hero Lewis said: "But, Uncle Royal, I am certain he will reform. He has promised me."
Uncle Lewis looked down with a sort of mild, sublime pity at the height of six feet two upon his pretty niece, as he stroked her silky hair sofly.

"My poor Hero, what is the word of a drunkard worth?" he said.
"Oh, Uncle, don't use that cruel word. Don't call him a drunkard!" cried the girl, shrinking back as from a blow.
"I hardly know what other word is applicable to him, Hero. No, he will never reform. And, child, I'd rather see you in your grave than married to a man who drinks."

"He has promised," pleaded the girl, her eyes shining like blue, wistful stars.
"Uncle, ought I not to give him another chance?"
He shook his head.
"My common sense, Hero, says no."

"I have common sense," flashed Hero. "People always talk about common sense when they mean to be cold and hard and cruel. I love Harry Rivers, and I mean to marry him in spite of the carping, sneering world."

And Hero went away through the golden, waving ears of ripening rye, her blue ribbons fluttering like pennons in the breeze.
Uncle Royal looked after her with a countenance of misgiving.

"Like all other girls," he said, "she wants her own way. Well, if she will wreck herself, I can't help it."
"Do you expect Harry to-night?" Miss Erminia Lewis was an old maid, but she was quite young enough at heart to sympathize in the love affairs of her sister, fifteen years her junior, to whom she had always stood in the place of a mother, and she, too, had a spot in her heart for handsome, dissipated Harry Rivers.

She spoke from the window, while Hero was leaning over the gate, a light scarlet shawl thrown over her shoulders.
"I said he would come," was the half hesitating answer.
"It is getting late and cold," said Erminia. "Better come in to the fire. You know as well as I do that your throat isn't strong."

"I'll come in a minute," said Hero. "They were telling me down at the Corners this afternoon," said Erminia, speaking with an effort, "that the railroad company are going to discharge him from their employ."

Hero turned sharply around. "To discharge him! what for?"
"For habitual intoxication. They say it is not a safe thing to employ a man who—who is not always himself."

"It is a slander," cried out Hero hotly. "It is the work of some base villain who wants the post himself!"
"Very probably," said Erminia sadly.
"Only, Hero—don't be vexed with me, darling—but they say Harry has fallen in with that set of men from the mines, and is getting into worse habits than ever."

Hero turned her face away.
"Have you only evil things to tell me, Erminia?"
"That they were good, for your sake, sister. But the air is growing chill; we shall have rain. Had you not better come in?"
"By and by. Do not tease me, Erminia."

put myself whether he is to be trusted or not."

The Miner's Arms, at the corner of three roads, was light as she approached it, and from the wide, open casement she could hear the uproarious chorus of song, the clinking of glasses and the harsh sound of besotted laughter. And lifting a trail of scarlet-leaved woodbine which formed a natural curtain to one of the windows, Hero Lewis peeped in.

With a sinking heart and chilled sensation of despair she saw Harry Rivers rise, staggering to his feet, with a brimming glass in his hand, and propose some bickering toast, which was received with noisy applause by the riotous assemblage. Hero did not wait to hear more. She hurried away with a white, set face.

"God help me! God be merciful to me!" she murmured, "for the idol whom I worshipped has fallen to the ground!"

Just at that moment the far-off whistle of a train smote the silence of the night—a sudden, ghastly possibility took possession of Hero's heart.

"The midnight express!" she muttered to herself, "and he dead drunk in that bar-room!"
Hurrying down a steep ravine, heedless of scratching briars and cruelly piercing thorns that rent her dress and drew the blood from her tender skin, she sprang like a wild deer down the declivity, scarcely pausing for breath until she reached the iron track in the valley below, where a side rail marked the interesting course of a little freight road.

At six every morning and evening the freight trains passed over the road, and it was among Harry Rivers' most important duties to turn the switch that connected this branch with the main track, after the freight train had gone by.

Had he remembered to do so to-night, or was the long, heavily-laden express from the west even now running onward to destruction?
Hero knelt to feel the track. Her deadly doubt had too much foundation, in fact—the switch had not been altered since the freight train came up at six o'clock.

A chill dew then beaded over her forehead, a sinking sensation struck to her heart. What was she to do? Was she gifted with the steps of Mercury's self she could not go to the switch-her arms to avert the impending catastrophe. And even supposing that she could, was Harry Rivers in a condition to comprehend that she said to him, "And I—"

After a moment's pause, she took her dimensions with a telescope, and then they would run the calico mill on full time for a couple of weeks and turn her out a dress. But her gowns and flippers were nothing to her. She never wore jewelry at all, excepting an engagement ring, and when I ordered that the man asked me why I wanted to put a gold hoop on my finger he said, "She was large around the fingers."

"It cost me a good deal of money, but I didn't mind it. All I wanted was to oblige her. There was one time, however, that I had to deny her a favor. She wanted me to take her down to the Creek on Christmas to teach her how to skate, and I wouldn't because I knew well enough the thing wasn't frozen solid to the bottom. Did you ever see her cat? No! Ah! a man doesn't often have such a chance as to observe how health stimulates the appetite. She thought nothing of putting away a barrel of apples at lunch, and when she'd finish it just as like as not she'd say to me:

"George, I wish to patience you'd go down and get 'em to hurry up dinner."
"A hind-quarter of beef was a watermelon just like you'd take a pill."

"I don't exactly know what it was caused her death. Some people thought that the last two barrels of apples she ate must have disagreed with her. Anyway, they gave her eight gallons of paregoric, and spread a quarter of an acre of mustard-plaster on her without doing any good. And when her father saw her dying, he went and sat on the fence and cried like a child; and when they told him he oughtn't to grieve, because Maul was going to a better world, he said he knew it, but it bothered him to know whether to get her to shuffle out to the cemetery and die on the ground, or to let her ficker where she was and then bury her gradually."

"But she died at home, and they put the burial casket in the parlor, on wheels, and ran her through the front door on a skid, and then a mule team took her along. They buried her in a place like a cellar, and when I asked the man in the cemetery to plant violets upon her grave, he said it would cost \$15 a year to cover the ground with these flowers, and so we put it in grass."

Then Mr. Fuller put his handkerchief to his eyes and drifted out through the door and down Chestnut street.

GENERAL TOM THUMB is reported to have been invited in an extensive stock farm in Texas.

The Late Mrs. Fuller's Peculiarities.

(Max Abeler in Philadelphia Bulletin.)
Mr. Fuller stopped in at the office to make arrangements for advertising a menagerie and circus that he hopes to bring here during the Centennial season. His hat was thickly wrapped with crumpled paper, and when he was asked if he had suffered bereavement, he said that he was mourning for Mrs. Fuller. He spoke freely of his sorrow, thus:

"I really loved that woman," said Mr. Fuller, "although she was so very large—weighed four hundred pounds. They had her on exhibition a while at the museum, you know. But mere size is nothing in a woman where a man's affections are engaged. She always treated me well, too. They had her going around in the papers that one day, while I was sitting on the sofa with her, counting her, I noticed that she didn't pay much attention, and that after a while I got up and walked around her, and found that there was another man on the other side showing her attentions at the same time I was. All a lie, sir; nothing of the kind ever happened. But she really was large. I know when she was down at the shore last summer, I took her in to bathe, and as she got in the water the tide suddenly rose and nearly drowned a lot of folks. It was the highest tide of the whole season. And Maud—her name was Maud—Maud couldn't swim, and she asked me to hold her while she floated, and then when I tried to, of course, I couldn't—nobody could have held Maud without a clerical—and she went under. When she came up she was dead as a thunder, and she said she didn't believe I loved her. And I told her I loved as much of her as I could at one time. A woman of those dimensions has to be adored in sections. Then she came out, and the tide went down."

"She couldn't swim, but she was of the most beautiful dancers you ever saw. Give her a star that had been well wrung from beneath, and she would whirl about as graceful as a fairy—that is, a fairy as large as she was. But she was a disagreeable woman to wait with. No man could get her arm around his waist. No man could get her arm around his waist. No man could get her arm around his waist."

And so when I used to have to wait with her I always chafed as far as I could, and then I'd get the rest of the distance with a good book. She said it tore her clothes, but she bore it like an angel. I never car'd much for dress, but I measured her for her dresses. They do other women. They take her dimensions with a telescope, and then they would run the calico mill on full time for a couple of weeks and turn her out a dress. But her gowns and flippers were nothing to her. She never wore jewelry at all, excepting an engagement ring, and when I ordered that the man asked me why I wanted to put a gold hoop on my finger he said, "She was large around the fingers."

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PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN: Why is a store that don't advertise like Enoch Arden? Because it "sees no sale from day to day."

A KANSAS woman lost a gold ring in a straw bed; the straw was emptied into the barn yard, and, with the manure, was spread upon a field. In the fall the woman found her ring in a boiled potato that came from the field. Next!

The business part of Fernandina, Florida, was burned, Friday. Loss \$50,000.

An Essay on Fish.

(Detroit Free Press.)
Fish may be divided into two classes—cod fish and fresh fish. The propriety of dividing them into classes will be at once apparent when we reflect that they are usually found in schools.

The mackerel is not exactly a cod-fish; but he comes so much nearer being a codfish than a fresh fish that he is for the present classed with the former.

Fish exist in sizes to suit the purchaser, from minnows to whales—which are not fish, strictly speaking. Neither is the alligator a fish; but if we attempt to tell what are not fish, this article will far exceed its intended limits.

The herring is not absolutely a fish, but is a suggestion of departed fish. But the strongest suggestions of departed fish are smelt. The herring sustains the same relation to the smelt as the Egyptian mummy to the human race.

Fish are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is they are caught by the gill and sold by the pound. But they are sometimes caught by weight—wait till you get a bit.

Contentment is the chief requisite to the successful fisherman. Surveyors are apt to be good fishermen, because their lines and angles are apt to be all right.

The mermaid and fishwoman may also be mentioned in this connection. The former is a good illustration of what is called the ideal, and the latter as itly represents the real.

Many land animals are reproduced in the sea. Thus we have the dog-fish, the cat-fish, sea lions and sea-horses, but no sea-mules. None of the above have hind legs and any manner of mule without hind legs would be a conspicuous failure.

It may not be out of place to mention Jonah in this connection. He was not a fish, but was once included among the inhabitants of the deep. There has been considerable dispute as to the name of the fish that swallowed the gentleman above-mentioned, some persons arguing that the throat of a whale is not large enough to swallow a man. This objection seems to be inconsequential.

Jonah might have been made in a smaller mold than other men. More over, it was certain that he was cast over before being swallowed—cast over the rail of the vessel.

There has been much speculation, also, as to the cause of Jonah's expulsion from the whale's interior, but the theory most generally accepted is that he soared on the whale's stomach.

He was very fortunate in reaching land, since he had no pilot. If he had taken a pilot with him into the stomach of the whale he would doubtless have selected Panchose Plate as the proper man.

Jonah was the first man who retired from the Department of the Interior, and Delano was the last one. But we digress. Let us return to our fish.

The codfish is the great source of all salt. In this respect Lot's wife was nowhere; however, it would be well to "remember Lot's wife."

The saline qualities of the codfish permeate and percolate the vasty deep, and make the ocean as salt as himself. Weighed in his own scales, he is found wanting—wanting considerable from the bottom. He is by nature quite social, his principal recreation being balls—fish-balls.

Unworthy of the Nation.

At the close of the war a grateful country cheerfully indorsed the action of Congress in distinguishing two of the foremost Generals by creating new ranks at advance pay, viz.: Grant and Sherman. Upon the election of Grant to the Presidency, Sherman was promoted to the rank of General, and Sheridan to that of Lieutenant-General. The combined pay is less than \$30,000. It is true these officers have not a great deal to do in time of peace, but it was not for the work they were expected to perform, but for services a ready rendered, that their rank and pay were fixed by Congress, and cheerfully indorsed by the loyal people of the country.

The whirling of time has, under the dispensation of mysterious Providence, brought the Confederates into power, temporarily, in the lower House of Congress, and these are now not only proposing to investigate the conduct of the war in which they were defeated, but they also undertake to insult the Generals under whose leadership the rebellion was suppressed, by reducing their pay. This is small business, but it is worthy of rebel malignity, but it is utterly unworthy the Congress of the United States, or the people of a great nation. In this business, too, we are surprised to find Gen. Banning, one of the Representatives from this country, in the lead; or, rather, we would be surprised, were it not that Democrats from the Northern States are destitute of manhood, bowing their knees to their masters from the South as plainly as did their predecessors in the ante-war days, when slavery was triumphant and the crack of the plantation whip frightened Northern seceders into meek submission.

This insult is offered to our Union Generals by Northern Democrats to conciliate the rebels, and this the poor, miserable dough-faces, who misrepresent Northern constituencies conceive to be their chief mission. The reduction is proposed, of course, in the name of economy, but what is a few thousand dollars to the American people compared with the insult that is offered to their honor?

The increased salary was voted as a testimonial to the brilliant and successful services of the officers in question. Now it is proposed to take it away. This is a stinging insult. It is intended as such, and as such we denounce the act and its authors.

Every Democratic Northern dough-face will no doubt vote for the insult, but they will not go unpunished when they appear again before their constituents. Of this they may rest assured.

No Republican in the House will vote for the contemptible measure, and it will, of course, be defeated by the Senate, of which the Confederates have not yet obtained control. This will be the end of it; but the base proposition is humiliating and deserves to be censured in the most severe terms.

The offices created for the purpose at the time indicated, should cease with the lives of the distinguished Generals who fill them, but in the mean time there should be no mean dickerings with the salaries fixed by Congress as a reward of merit. The proposition to reduce those salaries is equivalent to saying that the people are sorry for what they did, and that they pay too high an estimate upon the services of their great Generals. This the people will not say.

On the contrary, they demand that the honors voted to Sherman and Sheridan shall remain, and also that army officers generally who served their country so well in time of war and great peril, shall be fairly treated in time of peace.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The Centennial Clock.
The Thomaston (Ct.) correspondent of the Naugatuck Valley Sentinel describes the great Centennial clock built at Thomaston as follows: The clock for Memorial Hall is completed and will be taken down Thursday. It is a splendid piece of work and will no doubt do its duty faithfully. There are about 1,100 pieces, the estimated weight of all being six tons. The main wheels measure four feet in diameter. The pendulum ball and rod weigh between 700 and 800 pounds, the rod being 14 1/2 feet long, and connected with the clock work by what is known as gravity escapement, and makes two second beats. The rod is of steel and is compensated for contraction and expansion by being encased in one of zinc and one of steel, which, by their relative expansion upward, maintain a uniform center of oscillation. This escapement is different from that used in large clocks heretofore constructed by this company, and some fears were felt about its success. But under the skillful planning of the foreman, Noah Norton, every part seems to do its work perfectly.

The clock stands eight feet high. There will be sixty or more dials connected with the clock, which will be run by electricity, the hands moving with every beat of the pendulum. The clock for Independence Hall will stand about fourteen inches higher than this one. It is in the works now; also one that is to go to New Jersey, which is to be done in about six weeks. And while we are speaking about clocks, the company sent one to Cincinnati a while ago, which carried four sets of hands and has four ten-foot dials, which has not varied twenty seconds in three months. These clocks have an attachment that turns on the gas at night and off in the morning, where they have illuminated dials.

In the Democracy insist on running a candidate, Colonel Forney advises them to turn their eyes upon Jere Black.

The Chinese contributions to the Centennial will be worth \$100,000.